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THE SAVAGE

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KAZAR™

THE SAVAGE

PLUS: MORE SAVAGE TALES® WITH ZABU!

HI, FOLKS!
HOPE YOU'RE ENJOYING THE TANGLED AND TWISTED EVENTS IN LORD PLUNDER'S RECENT LIFE. (YOU CALL THIS LIVING?) AND IF YOU THINK THINGS HAVE BEEN WEIRD UP TILL NOW--WAIT'LL YOU READ *THIS* ISSUE! ANYWAY, NEXT MONTH, AFTER HIS MUCH-NEEDED BREATHER COURTESY OF BOB AND ARMANDO, RON FRENZ WILL BE BACK IN THE PENCILER'S SEAT AND ARMANDO WILL BE STAYING ON, ADDING THE FINISHER'S TOUCH HE'S SO JUSTLY RENOWNED FOR. AND, *HEY*--HOW DO YOU LIKE HIS WORK OVER THE PIN-UPS BY NEWCOMER MIKE HERNANDEZ ON THIS PAGE AND ELSEWHERE IN THIS ISSUE? WE THINK THEY MAKE A REALLY EXCITING TEAM. WATCH FOR A SHORT HERNANDEZ-PENCILED STORY IN THESE PAGES IN THE NOT-TOO-DISTANT FUTURE.

NEXT MONTH, THE PHOTO-TORIAL RETURNS (WE HOPE). *SEE YA THEN!*
Louise & Danny

ON DEATH AND DYING...!

THE DESERT WHICH BORDERS THE EXOTIC MARKETPLACE OF CASABLANCA IS A SEA OF SAND AND TRANQUILITY WHICH ERUPTS SUDDENLY, ABOUT TEN MILES OUT, IN DANGEROUS ISLANDS OF GRANITE AND HIDDEN CAVES, IN STEEP PRECIPICES AND ROCKY INCLINES...

DEEP INSIDE THIS MAZE OF STONE LURKS THE MEGALOMANIACAL JEREMY SHREIBER: SHREIBER, WOULD-BE DICTATOR OF THE UNITED STATES AND SOLE POSSESSOR OF THE VICTOR FORMULA, WHICH TURNS THE INNOCENT ICKITARI PLANT, NATIVE ONLY TO THE SAVAGE LAND, INTO THE MOST POWERFUL EXPLOSIVE EVER DEVISED...

IT IS INTO THESE HILLS THAT RAMONA STARR **HAS** LED KA-ZAR AFTER WRESTING HIM FROM THE BRINK OF DEATH AND IMPLANTING AN ELECTRODE IN HIS BRAIN WHICH NOT ONLY ALLOWS HER TO SEE AND HEAR WHAT HE SEES AND HEARS, BUT ALSO CONVEYS HER WISHES TO HIM ELECTRONICALLY, AND PUNISHES HIM WITH ELECTRIC SHOCK IF HE FAILS TO OBEY.

FOR RAMONA IS A HIGHLY PLACED AGENT IN THE NEFARIOUS ORGANIZATION CALLED ADVANCED IDEA MECHANICS. A.I.M. WANTS SHREIBER--BADLY. AND RAMONA HAS BROUGHT KA-ZAR TO THE DESERT TO HELP ACCOMPLISH THAT GOAL.

MACHINE GUN FIRE! WHAT THE BLAZES HAVE YOU GOTTEN ME INTO NOW?

SHUT UP AND KEEP GOING!

YEAH? TELL THAT TO MY CAMEL!

GRRRRRRR

A Stan Lee PRESENTATION BY:

BRUCE JONES SCRIPT • BOB HALL & ARMANDO GIL PENCILS • ARMANDO GIL INKS • JANICE CHIANG LETTERS • GEORGE ROUSSOS COLORS • LOUISE JONES & DANNY FINGEROTH EDITORS • JIM SHOOTER EDITOR-IN-CHIEF

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SECONDS LATER A BULLET FELLS KA-ZAR'S MOUNT...

AGHH!

RUN FOR COVER-- QUICK! I'LL DRAW THEIR FIRE!

OUR MISSION MUSTN'T BE JEOPARDIZED. WE'VE GOT TO DIVERT SHREIBER'S DEFENSES, SO OUR FORCES CAN MOVE IN AND TAKE CONTROL OF HIS SET UP UNIMPEDED. SO I'LL--

SPROWWWW

YOW!

YEEEEE

NICE JOB OF DRAWING THEIR FIRE!

JUST GET ME OFF THIS DISGUSTING BEAST!

DON'T KNOCK IT. HE'S SAVING YOUR LIFE!

WHILE ABOVE THEIR HEADS, AN ENRAGED SHREIBER SCREAMS COMMANDS...

THEY'RE ESCAPING DOWN THAT GORGE! FIRE! FIRE!

THERE'S A CAVE AT THE END OF THIS GULLEY!

WAIT A MINUTE! WE GO IN THERE AND WE'RE BOXED-IN-- TRAPPED!

STAY OUTSIDE THEN AND *DIE!*

THEY'VE GONE INTO THAT CAVE! CEASE FIRE!

BRIGHTON, MOVE THAT TANK UP SHARPLY! I WANT THEM DESTROYED!

AND AT THE MOUTH OF THE CAVE...

IT'S QUIET NOW, BUT IF I KNOW SHREIBER, IT WON'T BE FOR LONG...

SEE WHAT'D I TELL YOU? THAT'S A FULL-ARMORED CANTELLA TANK, PRACTICALLY INDESTRUCTIBLE!

LIKE I SAID: BOXED-IN! AND I FORGOT TO PACK MY ANTI-TANK DEVICE.

I DIDN'T...

WHAT'TH--?

BOOOM

YOU MAY APPLAUD OR BOW DOWN, WHICHEVER YOU CHOOSE...

IT'S ONE OF OUR NEWEST MODELS, A C-37 ANTI-ARMAMENT LUGER. SHREIBER WILL THINK TWICE BEFORE SENDING ANOTHER TANK IN HERE.

READY FOR THE NEXT TANK, GENERAL?

NO... NO MORE TANKS...

WE SHAN'T WASTE ANY MORE AMMUNITION ON THEM. THEY CAN'T STAY IN THERE FOREVER.

I STILL DON'T LIKE THIS CAVE. IT'S A READY-MADE COFFIN.

FOR THE MOMENT, IT WILL JUST HAVE TO DO, AT LEAST UNTIL SHREIBER MAKES HIS NEXT MOVE...

SHREIBER... HE'S THE ONE WHO CAME TO THE SAVAGE LAND WITH LASLO VICTOR TO DISCOVER THE EXPLOSIVE FORMULA FOR THE ICKITARI PLANT, RIGHT?

"AND THEN HE STOLE THE FORMULA AND THE PLANTS AND DID AWAY WITH DR. VICTOR.

"PREVIN TOLD ME THAT."*

* SEE LAST ISSUE -- L. & D.

"DID PREVIN ALSO TELL YOU THAT SHREIBER HAS FIGURED OUT A WAY TO CULTIVATE THE PLANT ARTIFICIALLY?"

"NO, BUT SOMEHOW IT DOESN'T SURPRISE ME!"

...BUT I STILL DON'T GET IT. YOU ACCIDENTALLY SHOOT ME, THEN YOUR A.I.M. SCIENTISTS IN NEW YORK SAVE MY LIFE, THEN YOU WHISK ME OUT HERE AND FORCE ME TO HELP YOU IN THIS RAID ON ONE OF YOUR RIVALS IN THE WORLD DOMINATION BIZ. *WHY?*

A.I.M. WANTED TO SEE HOW A SUBJECT REVIVED WITH THEIR EXPERIMENTAL TECHNOLOGY WOULD SURVIVE IN COMBAT. ALSO, WE NEEDED ANOTHER HAND IN THIS MISSION... A SAVAGE HAND, IF YOU WILL. THOSE ARE THE *OFFICIAL* REASONS.

AND THE *UN*OFFICIAL?

I *WANTED* YOU

FOR THAT YOU PUT A BULLET IN MY BRAIN?

YOU COULD HAVE JUST ASKED!

I TOLD YOU--THAT WAS AN ACCIDENT! BESIDES, YOU WEREN'T VERY RECEPTIVE...

ANYWAY, I SAVED YOUR LIFE, DIDN'T I? IF IT WEREN'T FOR ME, YOU WOULD HAVE DIED IN THE *HOSPITAL!*

IF IT WEREN'T FOR YOU, I WOULDN'T HAVE HAD A BULLET IN MY BRAIN IN THE *FIRST* PLACE!

I'D BE IN THE SAVAGE LAND WHERE I BELONG--WITH *SHANNA.*

INSTEAD, I PLAY THIS CHARADE WITH YOU, WHILE YOUR AGENTS--ACCORDING TO YOU--HOLD HER IN THEIR POWER.

YOUR SIMPY GIRLFRIEND WILL BE SAFE, KA-ZAR--AS SOON AS YOU'VE FINISHED THIS MISSION FOR US. SHE'S OUR INSURANCE THAT YOU *DO.*

I KNOW. THAT'S WHAT KEEPS ME GOING. THAT'S WHAT KEEPS ME FROM FINDING SOME WAY TO *WRING* YOUR LITTLE NECK.

SHANNA...

WHILE BACK IN NEW YORK...

SHANNA? SHANNA!

WHAT?...

OH, SORRY, PETER. I GUESS MY MIND WAS DRIFTING AGAIN...

MAYBE YOU'RE JUST BORED WITH MY COMPANY.

NO, NO, PLEASE DON'T THINK THAT! I REALLY AM SORRY.

HOW'D YOU LIKE THE MOVIE?

MOVIE? OH. I-I'M SORRY. I DON'T REMEMBER MUCH OF IT...

BUT WE JUST *SAW* IT!

SHANNA, ARE YOU SURE YOU'RE ALL RIGHT?

YES--YES, I'M FINE. I JUST HAVE A LOT ON MY MIND...

I UNDERSTAND... DO YOU WANT TO CALL IT A NIGHT?

WELL, THERE *IS* ONE PLACE I'D LIKE TO GO...

ANYWHERE. NAME IT.

I'D LIKE TO GO SEE KA-ZAR...

IT IS WITH A HEAVY HEART THAT PETER LEADS SHANNA DOWN THE LONG, DARK CORRIDOR IN THE HOSPITAL BASEMENT TOWARD THE WALL OF DEEP, CASTERED DRAWERS THAT MAKES UP THE CITY MORGUE...

SHANNA, WE'VE COME HERE EVERY NIGHT FOR A WEEK... I DON'T THINK IT'S GOOD FOR YOU TO COME HERE LIKE THIS.

I WANT TO, PETER. I WANT TO BE NEAR HIM.

WHEN ARE THEY GOING TO LET ME TAKE HIS BODY BACK TO THE SAVAGE LAND, PETER?

SOON AS ALL THE RED TAPE'S CLEARED UP.

FIRST NAME KEVIN LAST NAME PLUNDER

HE CAN'T BE HAPPY STUCK IN A DARK NARROW PLACE LIKE THAT. HE CAN'T BE HAPPY...

SHANNA, HE'S NOT HAPPY OR UNHAPPY. HE'S DEAD.

HE WANTS TO BE BACK WHERE HE BELONGS, BACK IN THE JUNGLE. THAT'S WHAT HE WANTS. I CAN FEEL IT.

THAT'S WHAT HE WANTS...

C'MON, I'M TAKING YOU HOME.

...THAT'S WHAT HE WANTS...

I'LL TAKE CARE OF YOU. I PROMISE.

FIRST NAME KEVIN LAST NAME PLUNDER

ANYTHING YOU SAY, KEVIN... I MEAN, PETER...

FOR A WEEK NOW SHANNA HAS SLEPT IN PETER PARKER'S BED WHILE HE OCCUPIES THE COUCH, OPEN-EYED AND ALERT TO ANY DISTURBANCE, ANY SIGN THAT ALL MIGHT NOT BE WELL...

BUT TONIGHT HE IS EXHAUSTED. TONIGHT SLEEP COVERS HIM LIKE A HEAVY BLANKET... UNTIL...

CRASH!

WHA--? WHAT WAS THAT?

SHANNA? ARE YOU AWAKE?

SHANNA!

KEVIN DARLING...

...I LOVE OUR TREE-HOUSE, BABY, I REALLY DO!

SHE'S SLEEPWALKING! BETTER BE GENTLE...

GIVE ME YOUR HAND, SHANNA...

YOU CAN SEE THE WHOLE VALLEY FROM UP HERE! I'M SO GLAD YOU BUILT IT FOR US, KEVIN!

EASY DOES IT, SHANNA...

GOTCHA!

OHHH!

WITH AMAZING DEXTERITY, SPIDER-MAN'S ALTER-EGO CATCHES THE JUNGLE QUEEN--

-- AND HOLDS HER SECURELY...

SHE'S FAINTED. GOT TO GET HER INSIDE.

SOMETHING'S REALLY *WRONG* WITH THIS GIRL! EVER SINCE SHE TOOK THAT FALL AT COURTLAND'S APARTMENT*SHE'S BEEN ACTING STRANGER AND STRANGER...

*SEE ISSUE #22--L+D.

SHE'S BEEN BABBLING ALL SORTS OF NONSENSE--ABOUT COURTLAND TAKING A SHOT AT HER, ABOUT RAMONA NOT BEING RAMONA, ABOUT KA-ZAR BEING ALIVE AT THE MORGUE--BUT THERE'S NO EVIDENCE FOR *ANY* OF IT!

SHE'S SO BEAUTIFUL! IF ONLY SHE WEREN'T OUT OF HER MIND WITH GRIEF!

"OUT OF HER MIND WITH GRIEF"...OUT OF HER MIND... LORD, I HOPE NOT...

MEANWHILE...

WE'VE BEEN SITTING HERE FOR HOURS! WHY CAN'T WE JUST USE WHAT EXPLOSIVE WE HAVE TO BLOW SHREIBER TO SMITHEREENS?

WE CAN'T, KA-ZAR.

"I HEAR THE HELICOPTERS?

"SHREIBER HAS US SURROUNDED!"

"TERRIFIC! TRAPPED LIKE RATS, JUST AS I PREDICTED!"

WELL, THIS LITTLE CHEESE EATER'S GONNA MAKE A BREAK FOR IT!

I'LL HELP YOU. I CAN GUIDE YOU ELECTRONICALLY. BUT IF YOU GET CAUGHT IN THOSE SWEEPING FLOODLIGHTS-- EVEN FOR A SECOND-- THEY'LL *NAIL* YOU!

THANKS FOR THE ADVICE. ZABU, WAIT HERE.

I'M GOING TO HUG THE SHADOWS AS SOON AS THE FLOODS MOVE PAST... GO FOR THE GUARDS JUST ABOVE. IF I CAN GET THEM, WE'VE GOT A CHANCE!

A GIBBOUS DESERT MOON PLAYS OVER TAUT MUSCLES AS THE JUNGLE LORD MAKES HIS WAY OUT OF THE GORGE...

WHY DO I GET THE FEELING THIS WAS THE PLAN ALL ALONG?

...LEAPING FROM ONE PRECARIOUS FOOTHOLD TO THE NEXT...

UH! GONNA BE CLOSE--

BE CAREFUL, KA-ZAR!

YES, MOTHER.

YOU'RE ALMOST THERE! THEY'RE STANDING RIGHT ABOVE YOUR HEAD!

DO YOU MIND, RAMONA? I CAN'T HEAR A THING WITH YOU GABBING ALL THE TIME! GIMME A BREAK!

JUST A LITTLE BIT FURTHER...

THEY BEEN IN THERE FOR HOURS! WHY DON'T WE JUST SMOKE 'EM OUT?

SHREIBER SAYS 'NO'... WHY DO YOU THINK THEY DON'T SURRENDER, HANK?

HELL, IF I HAD RAMONA STARR IN THERE, I WOULDN'T COME OUT NEITHER! HA-HA!

CUTE, HANK, REAL CUTE!

WHAT TH-- AGH!

GET 'EM, KA-ZAR!

"GET 'EM, KA-ZAR!" THE WOMAN IS A TOP OFFICIAL IN AN INTERNATIONAL COVERT ORGANIZATION AND SHE STILL COMES UP WITH LINES LIKE, "GET 'EM, KA-ZAR!"

KA-ZAR ⁝UH!⁝ STRONG ⁝UH!⁝ LIKE--

--BULL! ...OR AT LEAST A VERY ANGRY HEIFER!

EEEEEEEEEE

UH-OH! THEY'VE SPOTTED ME!

SP-ROOWWWW

GOOD THING I BROUGHT THIS EXPLOSIVE ALONG!

KA-ZAR! DON'T WASTE THAT! IT'S ALL WE'VE GOT!

DON'T WORRY, SWEETHEART! I'M ONLY USING A LITTLE, AND--

--BETTER IT THAN ME!

THAT'S IT! RUN--OR YOU'LL GET THE SAME AS THAT LEDGE YOU WERE JUST STANDING ON!

KA-BOOOM!

THAT'S OUR CUE, YOU FURRY MONSTROSITY. NOW LET'S MOVE!

KA-ZAR IS AS GOOD AS ALL OUR DATA INDICATES. IT'S TOO BAD OUR EXPERIMENTAL PROCESSES CAN'T KEEP HIM ALIVE MUCH BEYOND COMPLETION OF THIS MISSION. IF HE KNEW... IT'D KILL HIM.

BUT THEN, WITH HIS POOR SHANNA GROWING IRREVOCABLY MADDER AND MADDER BY THE MINUTE--THANKS TO THE DISSOLVING DRUG-DART COURTLAND SHOT HER WITH--HE WOULDN'T HAVE MUCH TO LIVE FOR ANYWAY. ;HEH!-

OF COURSE, IF I TOLD HIM THAT--THAT INSTEAD OF HOLDING HER HOSTAGE, I WAS MAKING HER INSANE--EVEN THE ELECTRODE IN HIS HEAD MIGHT NOT BE ENOUGH TO--

THERE THEY ARE! FIRE!

BLAST! THE HELICOPTERS! THEY'VE SEEN US!

SPROW!

SPROW!

OKAY, BUSTER, JUST REMEMBER: YOU FIRED FIRST!

KA-CHOW!

BAILED OUT--JUST IN TIME!

WHOOM!

BUT, IN ANOTHER COPTER...

DROP THE WEAPON, WOMAN! YOU HAVEN'T A PRAYER!

THINK YOU'VE GOT ME SURROUNDED ENOUGH, SHREIBER?

PINCHON, SHOOT THEM!

NO--WAIT! COLONEL STARR HAS CAUSED ME TOO MUCH TROUBLE. SHE WILL HAVE TO DIE IN A MUCH MORE... *INTERESTING* MANNER.

SHOOT THE TIGER--AND PICK UP THE COLONEL.

NOOOO!

MROARRRRRR!

SECONDS LATER SHREIBER'S FLEET FLIES PAST, AND A DESPERATE VOICE SOUNDS IN KA-ZAR'S HEAD...

KA-ZAR! HELP ME! SHREIBER'S GOT ME!

COMING, DEAR.

THE SAVAGE TENSES HIS STEELY LEGS--

--AND LEAPS!

HOPE I TIMED THIS--

--RIGHT!

YEAH!

AND INSIDE THE 'COPTER...

YOU FEEL SOMETHING, MORRIE?

JUST THE WIND, JACK. DON'T SWEAT IT.

SOON...

THE CHOPPERS ARE DESCENDING...

THERE IT IS-- JUST LIKE A.I.M.'S AERIAL RECONNAISSANCE MAPS SHOWED IT--

--SHREIBER'S HEADQUARTERS.

THANKS FOR THE LIFT, GENTLEMEN. I'LL *RUN* FROM HERE.

AND INSIDE...

I CAN'T JUST SNEAK UP AND WHACK A GUY IN THE BACK...

...THE *FRONT*, THOUGH, THAT'S ANOTHER MATTER!

HE CREEPS STEALTHILY ALONG THE DARK CORRIDOR, BLADE HELD STEADILY BEFORE HIM...

VOICES! COMING FROM IN THERE!

SUDDENLY--

AH, YOU MUST BE THE YOUNG MAN COLONEL STARR'S BEEN TELLING ME WILL KICK MY--

THE NAME IS *KA-ZAR*, SHREIBER.

CUTE SLIDE. DOES IT GO WITH YOUR SANDBOX?

RAMONA!

I TRANSMITTED FOR YOU NOT TO COME THAT WAY! DIDN'T YOU PICK UP MY SIGNAL?

OF COURSE NOT! I JAMMED IT!

HA-HA-HA! I'M SO DELIGHTED THAT YOU DROPPED IN, KA-ZAR! COME HAVE A LOOK AT MY LOVELY GARDEN!

AS YOU CAN SEE, I'VE MANAGED TO CULTIVATE THE ICKITARI PLANT INSIDE THIS HERMETICALLY SEALED GREENHOUSE!

BEAUTIFUL, ARE THEY NOT?

YEAH. BEAUTIFUL.

THE CONCENTRATED FUMES OF SO MANY OF THE PLANTS IN ONE PLACE ARE, OF COURSE, HIGHLY TOXIC.

THESE TURBINES HAVE DISTILLED ENOUGH EXPLOSIVES TO MAKE THE A-BOMB LOOK LIKE A FIRECRACKER!

WITH THIS SIMPLE FORMULA, I'LL SOON ACHIEVE DOMINATION OF THE WORLD!

WHAT'S GOING TO STOP OTHERS FROM DOING THE SAME THING?

SIMPLY THIS, COLONEL. THE IKITARI PLANT IS INDIGENOUS ONLY TO THE SAVAGE LAND--

--AND I INTEND TO BLOW THAT PLACE OFF OF THE GLOBE!

YOU *WHAT*?? THAT'S MY *HOME!*

LET'S SEE YOU BLOW *THIS* OFF, CHUM!

WHAP!

AGH!

SEIZE HIM! SEIZE THE SAVAGE!

I'M TRYING!

YOU'LL DIE FOR THIS, PLUNDER! *NO ONE* LAYS A HAND ON JEREMY SHREIBER!

SO WHERE ARE YOUR A.I.M. BUDDIES NOW, RAMONA? TYING TIN CANS TO PUPPY DOGS' TAILS?

LISTEN! CAN'T YOU HEAR THEM COMING? AIRSHIPS!

WELL, IF WE WERE SUPPOSED TO BE DISTRACTING SHREIBER SO HE WOULDN'T BE ABLE TO REPEL THEIR ATTACK, WE BLEW IT. LOOK--

MY LASERS ARE FOCUSED RIGHT ON THEM!

AS SOON AS THEY COME IN RANGE--

--THEY WILL DIE!

WHILE JUST MINUTES AWAY, A FLEET OF AIRSHIPS SWEEP THE DESERT FOR SIGNS OF RAMONA AND KA-ZAR...

...LED BY A.I.M OFFICER DRAKE PREVIN...

SHREIBER MUST HAVE PICKED THEM UP ALREADY.'

WE'RE GOING IN!

MEANWHILE, A WOUNDED ZABU INCHES HIS WAY UP THE ROCKY TERRAIN TOWARD SHREIBER'S FORTRESS--

--SENSING THE DANGER WHICH SURROUNDS HIS MASTER AND FRIEND...

TIE HIM TO THE GUIDED MISSILE! WE'LL LET HIM DIE ALONG WITH HIS PRECIOUS SAVAGE LAND!

NO...

...NO...

...NO!

I OWE YOU FOR THIS, RAMONA. SOMEDAY, SOMEHOW... I'LL PAY YOU BACK FOR ALL YOU'VE DONE TO ME... ALL YOU'VE *FORCED* ME TO DO.

SILLY BOY. YOU KEEP FORGETTING WHO IT IS WHO'S GOT A THOUSAND VOLT KEY TO YOUR HEART...

AUNTIE RAMONA DOES--AND AS LONG AS I DO--YOU'RE MY *SLAVE*.

YOU CAN'T STAY ON GUARD FOREVER, YOU WITCH.

YOU'LL SLIP ONCE--AND THEN IT'LL BE MY TURN.

POOR DELUDED SAVAGE. BY THE TIME I LET MY GUARD DOWN, YOU'LL HAVE DIED ANYWAY.

BRATTT!

WHAT A WASTE OF A BEAUTIFUL BODY. ;SIGH;

WHOK!

OKAY, SHREIBER, YOU'RE ABOUT TO BE FITTED FOR A STEEL STRAIGHT-JACKET!

BUT SHREIBER'S HAND IS QUICKER THAN KA-ZAR'S EYE...

ZZZZT!

AGH!

UNSEEN, ZABU SNEAKS THROUGH THE COMPOUND WINDOW AS SHREIBER LEVELS HIS BLASTER AT RAMONA'S HEAD...

ONE MORE MOVE AND SHE'S DEAD, PLUNDER!

GIVE YOURSELF UP, LORD PLUNDER, YOUR CAUSE IS LOST!

GRRRUMMPH!

AAAIIII!

ZABU!

AND FROM ABOVE...

KA-RAASH!

NO! NO! NOT MY GREENHOUSE!

THE ENTIRE COMPOUND COLLAPSES INTO CHAOS! SCIENTISTS AND SOLDIERS ALIKE FLEE IN TERROR AS POISONOUS GAS FROM INSIDE THE GREENHOUSE LEAKS THROUGH THE BROKEN GLASS...

THE GAS! IT'S ESCAPING!

RUN FOR YOUR LIVES!

A GREEN NOXIOUS VAPOR FILLS THE AIR AS SHREIBER'S MEN SCRAMBLE TO ESCAPE...

NO, ZABU! ÷GASP!÷ WE'VE GOT TO GET OUT OF HERE!

ZABU, GET HER OUT OF HERE! ÷COUGH!÷ HURRY!

AND AS SHREIBER'S CREW FLEES IN PANIC...

NO! IT CAN'T BE!

HOWDY, BOYS! WE'VE BEEN WAITING FOR YOU!

THEN, A SIGHT EVEN PREVIN WASN'T EXPECTING--

RAMONA! I-I MEAN, COLONEL STARR!

WELL, DON'T JUST STAND THERE GAPING, PREVIN! HELP ME DOWN!

HEH-HEH! I DUNNO, COLONEL, YOU LOOK KINDA CUTE--

PREVIN!

--YES, MA'AM!

INSIDE, THE GREEN FUMES GROW THICKER AS--

ONE MORE STEP, PLUNDER, AND I'LL DETONATE THE SELF-DESTRUCT DEVICE!

SHREIBER, YOU'RE JUST PRICELESS, YOU REALLY ARE--

--BUT ANY MORE OF THESE B-MOVIE ROUTINES AND I'LL SCREAM!

--OR *HIT* SOMETHING!

WHILE... KA-ZAR BEAT SHREIBER, PREVIN. I FOLLOWED IT ALL THROUGH THE BUG IN HIS BRAIN.

THEN WHERE IN BLAZES *IS* HE? THOSE FUMES ONLY TAKE FIVE MINUTES TO KILL!

CALM DOWN, PREVIN. THERE HE IS!

YES... PUTTING OUT THE TRASH!

CONGRATULATIONS, KA-ZAR! YOU'VE CAPTURED OUR MOST DANGEROUS ENEMY! AND WITH THE EXPLOSIVES HE'S CREATED, A.I.M. WILL BE INVINCIBLE.

I DON'T LIKE EXPLOSIVES AND I DON'T LIKE PEOPLE WHO USE THEM...

I ACTIVATED THE INSTALLATION'S SELF-DESTRUCT MECHANISM...

KA-BROOOM!

H-HE BLEW UP THE COMPOUND! THE FORMULA'S BEEN DESTROYED!

I'M AFRAID THERE'LL BE NO WINNERS THIS ROUND.

KA-ZAR...

KA-ZAR! SHANNA'S DEAD MEAT!

I DON'T THINK SO, RAMONA. I THINK I'VE FINALLY FIGURED OUT WHAT'S REALLY GOING ON.

NO MATTER WHAT YOU DO, KA-ZAR, YOU'LL REGRET IT. THAT I GUARANTEE.

THE JUNGLE LORD DOES NOT ANSWER.

NEXT: *WHAT'S GONNA HAPPEN NOW?! WAIT'LL YOU SEE IN..*

THE DEAD WHO WALK!

RUGA, THE ANTELOPE, DIPS HIS SLENDER NECK TOWARD THE SPARKLING JUNGLE POOL AND DRINKS DEEPLY...

RUGA IS OLD, NEARLY THIRTEEN YEARS, AND AS JUNGLE-TIME GOES, THAT IS VERY OLD INDEED...

HE HAS NOT ACHIEVED THAT LOFTY STATUS BY BEING FOOLISH OR CARELESS. HE KNOWS WELL THE WAYS OF THE FOREST...

... WHEN TO DRINK, WHEN NOT TO... HOW TO SEE IN DARK SHADOWS... HOW TO LISTEN...

HE KNOWS EVERY SOUND THE FOREST HAS TO OFFER, EVERY TIMBRE, EVERY PITCH... THOSE SOUNDS TO IGNORE AND THOSE TO HEED...

TODAY ALL THE SOUNDS ARE GOOD SOUNDS, ALL THE SMELLS FRIENDLY ONES... RUGA WILL LIVE TO SEE ANOTHER SUNRISE... HE IS SAFE...

...PERFECTLY SAFE...

WHUK!

IN THE DAYS WHEN KA-ZAR WAS A BOY...

STAN LEE PRESENTS:

TALES of ZABU!

BRUCE JONES WRITER · VAL MAYERIK ARTIST · JANICE CHIANG LETTERER · GEORGE ROUSSOS COLORIST · LOUISE JONES & DANNY FINGEROTH EDITORS · JIM SHOOTER EDITOR-IN-CHIEF

A SAVAGE IS BORN!

THE BOY IS NOT YET AN ADOLESCENT, THOUGH ALREADY HIS HULKING COMPANION HAS TAUGHT HIM HOW TO HURL THE WAR SPEAR WITH DEADLY ACCURACY...

A GREAT HOWL OF TRIUMPH GOES UP FROM THE MAN-BEAST THAT IS MAA-GOR THE MIGHTY, FOR HE HAS TAKEN MUCH PRIDE IN THE TOUSSLE-HAIRED YOUTH SINCE STEALING HIM AWAY FROM THAT GREAT SABER-TOOTH CAT CALLED ZABU...

... A SABER TOOTH CAT THAT MAA-GOR HIM-SELF KILLED WITH THIS SAME SPEAR ONLY DAYS AGO...

IN TIME--IN A VERY SHORT TIME, NOW--THE YELLOW-HAIRED YOUTH WILL BE AS SAVAGE AND SKILLED AT KILLING AS MAA-GOR HIM-SELF!... THEN WILL THEY WALK WITH PRIDE THROUGH MAA-GOR'S VILLAGE--AS FATHER AND SON!

PROUDLY SLINGING THE ANTELOPE ACROSS HIS BROAD BACK, MIGHTY MAA-GOR AND HIS PROTEGE TURN TOWARD CAMP...

SUCH A FINE DAY... SUCH A FINE KILL! THE OTHER MEN OF THE TRIBE WILL BE GREEN WITH ENVY!

BUT THERE IS A GREAT COMMOTION IN CAMP WHEN THEY ARRIVE... IT SEEMS THAT MAA-GOR'S WARRIORS HAVE CAPTURED A MEMBER OF THE LUKANURA, A LOCAL WARRING TRIBE AND BITTER ENEMY TO MAA-GOR'S PEOPLE...

MAA-GOR TRIES TO SHOW OFF HIS "SON'S" PRIZE KILL, BUT THE OTHERS ARE TOO INVOLVED WITH THE PRISONER TO NOTICE...

IT IS THEN THAT MAA-GOR DECIDES THERE IS ONLY ONE WAY TO DEAL WITH LUKANURA PRISONERS WHO UPSTAGE HIS BOASTINGS...

HE DROPS THE DEAD ANTELOPE AND TURNS TO THE BOY...

SLOWLY THE GOLDEN-HAIRED YOUTH RAISES THE WOODEN SHAFT... THERE IS A STRANGE LIGHT IN HIS EYES... HE HAS NOT BEEN THE SAME SINCE THE GIANT PTERANADON ATTACKED HIM...

HE HAS BEEN IN A DREAM-WORLD, A STUPOR. ALL AROUND HIM SEEMS SO MUCH LESS THAN REAL... AND SO MUCH MORE.

THE PRISONER LOOKS UP AT THE JEERING CROWD, HIS FATE WRITTEN CLEARLY ON THEIR GLEEFUL FACES...

THE SPEAR HESITATES IN THE BOY'S HAND... MEMORIES STRUGGLE BENEATH HIS TORMENTED BROW...

HE SENSES THAT WHAT HE HAS BEEN TOLD TO DO IS WRONG.

BUT MAA-GOR...MAA-GOR HAS HELPED HIM, ADOPTED HIM...

MAA-GOR IS NOW HIS FATHER... MAA-GOR MUST BE GOOD!

"THROW IT! THROW IT! MAA-GOR SCREAMS, IN A LANGUAGE KEVIN DOES NOT FULLY COMPREHEND... YET HE DOESN'T NEED TO UNDERSTAND THE WORDS--

-- TO GRASP THEIR MEANING!

WHILE ELSEWHERE IN THE JUNGLE, OTHER SCENES ARE ENACTED BY OTHER PLAYERS...

... PLAYERS NO LESS SAVAGE THAN THE TWO-LEGS SEVERAL MILES AWAY...

...NO LESS SAVAGE...

...AND NO LESS CUNNING!

GREAT ZABU IS NOT YET WELL ENOUGH FROM HIS DEEP SPEAR WOUND TO HUNT ON FOOT...

...BUT THERE ARE OTHER WAYS...

UNFORTUNATELY, THERE ARE ALSO OTHER EYES IN THE FOREST TO RECORD ALL THIS...

...AND REPORT IT ELSEWHERE!

NEXT: KA-ZAR VS. ZABU-- TO THE ***DEATH!***

HERNANDEZ & GIL '82